

## Silence Is Golden, But Duct Tape Is Silver

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Category: Batman v Superman: Dawn of Justice

Genre: Crime, Tragedy

Language: English

Characters: Clark K./Superman, Lex L.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-11 00:29:51

Updated: 2016-04-11 00:29:51

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:13:26

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 695

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Lex Luther was a man, once. But that was before her death, before his hair that she loved was shaved off, before he was shoved into this God-forsaken prison to rot until his death. And now, with her killer standing inches from him, he snaps. Oneshot. (AU, rated M for swearing)

## Silence Is Golden, But Duct Tape Is Silver

\*\*So I saw the Batman v. Superman: Dawn of Justice movie for my brother's birthday. Now Lex Luther is my favorite supervillain, and here's the QOTD:\*\*

\*\*Have you ever been slightly obsessed with an actor/actress?\*\*

\*\*AOTD: I am currently all about Jesse Eisenberg. He's awesome, I want to see all his movies (even though most are R rated), and I hope to someday write a book that will become a movie that will have him star in it. )even though by the time that happens he'll probably be in his 40s '~\_~)  
><strong>

\*\*Not Warriors, but I wanted to post it, so here you go. And for those who are Superman-fans, I'm sorry. He's portrayed as the bad guy here, and he probably doesn't act like he does in the movie, but hey, idc.\*\*

\*\*WARNING: THERE WILL BE SWEARING AND SPOILERS FOR THE MOVIE. THIS ALSO HAPPENS IN AN AU (ALTERNATE UNIVERSE). I might write a story or something in the future. Also, if you've seen the movie, can you tell me the name of the judge-lady who rejected Lex's proposal to make the kryptonite into a weapon?  
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\* \* \*

><p>Alexander Luthor, Jr., didn't swear much.<p>

The last time a curse had sprung from his mouth? He couldn't even remember, it had been so long.

But now, as he stared at Superman through the bars of his cell, his prison, he swore like a sailor.

"You killed her." His voice was shaking, shaking like his hands when he saw her get hit by the death ray. "You let her \_fucking die.\_"

Clark Kent wasn't fazed. He had heard a number of insults in his lifetime. "It was her fault she ran out there," he responded coldly. "She was as psychotic as you are. You both would have destroyed the world if she hadn't been killed."

Lex laughed brokenly. "Is that your excuse?" He pressed his forehead against the bars. "I've said this before, Clarky-clark, and I'll say it again: that's a three syllable word too big for little minds." He reached a finger through the bars and tapped the hero's forehead.

Superman frowned.

Lex continued on. "We would've ruled the world, Callysta and I. But no no no, you moved aside to save your own fucking life and the laser hit her." He felt his usual cool, somewhat crazy exterior break down and he openly let the tears fall. "And it went right through her. She's gone now. And it's all your fucking fault."

Superman merely stared at him, seeming shocked by the show of emotion. Lex screamed, hitting his newly-bald head on the bars. "Were you thinking oh shit, it's going to hit me? Better move so it'll hit my enemy's partner?" He looked up at his nemesis, wishing that he could reach through the bars and rip open the god's chest.

"I knew she was behind me," Superman said. "But like I said, she was equally as crazy as you were. If she survived, you both would have destroyed my planet."

"Oh, it's your planet now, is it?" Lex glared at him. "The god from Krypton, coming to rule Earth! The wonder, the awe! You know, Kent, it's been a while since I've told someone this." He let a smile creep onto his face. "Silence is golden, but duct tape is silver."

Superman took a minuscule step back. "You're crazy."

"Right you are, Mr. Kent!" Lex exclaimed gaily. "I'm gone. Better tell the doctor! Maybe I could pay him a visit?" He laughed coldly. "Oh no, that's right. I'll be stuck in this fucking prison for the rest of my life. Without Callysta."

A guard poked her head around the corner. "Mr. Superman? I'm sorry, but you only have a minute."

"All right." Superman shot Lex a glare. "Goodbye, Luther."

As he walked away, a call made him turn his head. Lex was on his knees, pressing his face against the bars of his cage.

"She was pregnant, you fucker."

End  
file.